



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Just Around the Corner

Just around the corner! O, it's just a little ways
Where there lingers still the joy-times of our happy childhood days.
Though sometimes the way is weary, and we chafe beneath the load
That we bear on tired shoulders as we trudge the weary road;
Yet when evening comes upon us and we seize the rest we've won,
Laying down a while the burden we have borne since rising sun,
We can close our eyes on toiling and on mem'ry's wings of gold
Fly back just around the corner to the childhood days of old.

Just around the corner! Such a little ways to go
When we travel back to mem'ry to the joys we used to know.
Such a little backward journey, but how long the journey seems
When 'tis measured by the heart-aches and the pains of vanished dreams.
Such a little journey taken on the wings of memory,
Though how long the way, and weary, since the days of used to be.
But when evening's shadows gather quick we take the backward way—
Till we're just around the corner where we used to laugh and play.

Just around the corner! O, how blue the arching skies;
And how sweet the roses blooming, And how sweet the woodland lies.
Hear the music of the water as it turns the grumbling wheel;
Watch the partridge through the thickets in the cooling shadows steal;
Hear the chatter of the squirrel, hear the brown nuts as they fall;
Catch the far-off welcome echoes of the old horn's ringing call!
Long the road that we have journeyed, though it's but a little ways—
Only just around the corner to the joys of other days.

The Oldest Inhabitant

The Oldest Inhabitant has been having a hard time of it this winter. We who have sat and listened to his tales of the big snows and hard rains and cold weather of other days, couldn't help taking with a grain of salt his assurances that the winter of umpty-steen was far worse than the one from which we have just emerged. Maybe there have been winters with more snow, but it will take something more than the unsupported word of the Oldest Inhabitant to make us believe it.

Since December 1 we've shovelled tons of snow from a 50-foot stretch of sidewalk, and performed greater feats of pedestrianism than ever before because the snow has interfered so with street car traffic. The Oldest Inhabitant may remember a winter with more snow, but he'll have to show us the record.

Of course we are going to have plenty of water—too much—this spring. Already the lowlands are flooded and all the creeks and rivers are out of banks. But when the Oldest Inhabitant starts to tell us about high water we balk. Next to the high water that landed Noah's ark on Araat, the big flood of 1883

in the Missouri valley is entitled to the premium. The Oldest Inhabitant can't ring in any flood stories on us—we went through the Big One. We lived in Craig, Mo., at that time. Father always took a lot of pride in having a fine garden, and when word came that the Little Tark was coming up he suggested that we hoe up a little embankment or dyke around the garden plot. We did, making the dyke about ten or twelve inches high. Twenty-four hours after we had completed it the water was seventy-two inches above the top of the dyke. Craigites who lived in one-story houses fled to the bluffs, and we who lived in the two-story houses entered our hurriedly made boats through the second story windows. Shortly before that flood father and I had laid a new board sidewalk in front of the house. We forgot to anchor it down, consequently it floated away. Perhaps somebody in Bigelow, or Forest City, or maybe St. Joseph, jettisoned the walk and got some use out of it. We never did.

During the flood the Oldest Inhabitant occasionally tried to recall a flood that was higher, but before he'd get a good start we'd get into our boats and row away. That's what we are going to do hereafter when the Oldest Inhabitant tries to tell us of a winter that brought more snow than the winter of 1911-12. We'll stand for just about so much from the Oldest Inhabitant, after which we balk.

Post Prandial

"Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen: I have no desire to detain you at this late hour, especially after you have been so entertained and edified by the distinguished speakers who have preceded me. But I feel that I would be derelict in my duty if I failed to call your attention to two or three matters which I shall discuss briefly, and—

"And now just a word in conclusion:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention!"
(Loudest applause yet given the speaker.)

Sparks from a Political Anvil

Some men claim to be progressive merely because they have been jarred loose.

Some politicians are like cuckoos—they expect their eggs to be hatched by somebody else.

A hat in the ring with nothing under it doesn't cut much figure.

These are days when a lot of political promises are read with Jacob voices from manuscripts written by Esau hands.

Anyhow, and also, we now have "revision apart" in republican ranks, even if we did fail to get revision downward.

There is a vast difference between filling a high position and merely occupying it.

When presidential aspirants of like faith disagree the public has a chance to get at the real facts.

Prepare for Victory

in the Campaign of 1912

by doing your part to keep the democratic party progressive. Be prepared to fight those interests that seek to divert the democratic party from its true course.

Be prepared to answer the arguments of those who are seeking the destruction of the democratic party by the adoption of a reactionary policy.

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